

# The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,  
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## TO OUR READERS.

Annual Subscribers whose names are entered in the Book at our Office, and whose Subscriptions are paid in advance to Christmas next, are ALONE entitled to an Admission to the forthcoming Annual Concert, which will be given in June or July next.

## HERZ AND SIVORI IN AMERICA.

The following is translated from an article in *Le Courrier* a New Orleans paper, edited by Jerome Bayon. It is dated Friday, March 26, 1847, and treats of the farewell concert of Herz and Sivori:—

"It was the day before yesterday, Wednesday, 24th of March, that Henri Herz and Camillo Sivori bade adieu to New Orleans, before one of the most elegant audiences we ever remember to have seen. It was a concert no other than themselves knew how to give. The public, every one knows, has remained faithful to them from first to last, fondly attached to this noble fraternity, to the genius of these two great artists. In flocking to hear them, the public only obeyed a sacred impulse that attracted it towards them. For they recounted so well things past, dreams of the present, and griefs hidden under a placid smile, that every one listened to their powerful, but discreet, interpretations of joy and sorrow. However, when a whole people is thus attracted, when one is the master of that magic ring which charms and draws you to the feet of him who possesses it, you may be sure that he who possesses it, he who brings you thus to his magnificent fêtes, has his days of profound sadness, passing his hours in terrible grief. All the sciences are dearly bought; sensibility is not one, yet it costs dearer than all; and genius is perhaps sometimes too weak to fill with its crowns the furrows of anguish she digs for herself. I am becoming sad I fear, nevertheless I do not wish it, nor ought I to be so; for I will not give as an excuse the exquisite and delicate perfection of sentiment that each note in this oft played *morceau* transfers to me, always heard with renewed pleasure, and this time interpreted with an unknown superiority—the 'Lucia di Lammermoor.' What tears in this song! what hopes! what illusions! which increase, grow, and which will be cut off as the scythe cuts the grass. Oh, it was a man's whole life, the whole life of a woman, with their storms and tempests, their soft smiles, their smooth words. No, the tongue is not the only interpreter of the heart. Henri Herz has created another: and his fingers by their touch, recount as extraordinary wonders as the most fanciful images of speech ever dreamt of. But if I weep with Lucie, if after smiling momentarily at the grace of the young girl, he says adieu to the banquet of life, to die, rich with all the gifts of youth—he returns to one of those short periods of the mad gaiety of childhood sometimes realised by the young man, and he transfers, in a burst of folly, all the whimsical caprices that the imagination could create on the wing of a Sylph! You see her merry, happy to live, listen to the noise of her wings when she comes like a whisper passing near your ear, and then murmur some words of hope. His playful *entrain*, his whim amuses you; you laugh in your soul at all his *epigrammes*, and when the sound dies away, and yet you still listen, the dream is broken by the noise of the applause. Happy would it be if applause alone were enough for happiness. But here comes his brother genius—the idol of another genius who bore the name of Paganini—his violin to him is his God, his dream, his love, his worship—he loves it as one loves when the heart is new to the deceptions that surround the friendships and things of this earth, and his violin loves him as well. It will remain mute, cold, harsh, under your hand and under mine; under that of Sivori, it speaks, and does prodigies. He attracts you by his bow as the golden mouths of antiquity would attract you by their lips.

He charms you, elates you, grieves you—stop, do not ask him to let you breathe; like you, he is stifled under the pressure of Fate; he raises you into unknown regions, and leaves you there, breathless, after touching heaven. It has often been written, that the human tongue was unable to interpret man's emotions; I never heard it so often said as since Herz and Sivori came to New Orleans—and now they are about to leave us. Why, then, does life thus suddenly cast in your path these magnificent apparitions which seduce you, opening a new existence, that one loves as if one had always known them, and in whose shadow one would be content to live all one's life, provided that one day, one single day, a reflection of their glory falls on your head, radiant as a sunbeam falling on a cloud.—Do not reply, you will destroy my idol, and I like better to preserve it. They have left a lasting impression of their course. Enthusiastic amateurs lent them support, and 'Guillaume Tell' never was so splendid, even on the beautiful mountains of Switzerland. To relate the ensemble, the harmony, the power of the *morceau*, would be impossible—you must have heard the roar of the winds in the mountains, the rumbling of the storm, the thunderbolt burst, the cries of liberty in presence of the conquered tyrant, to comprehend it. So thanks to them for their good will, thanks for their kind assistance so frankly given to the two noble artists; thanks for this *souvenir* that New Orleans will preserve for ever. And now, adieu, you also who have fêted our city with your *chef d'œuvre*! Adieu! you who have drawn so many things from the depths of our hearts: forget not a people who have yearned towards you, and in parting, do as the swallows do, change your country, gather fresh grain and return—yes, return, return quickly. One of you has forgotten among your *chef d'œuvre*, (*Le Croisé*), so noble, so ardent, so magnificent, and the other, those witches so vaunted whom nobody feared."

The style of the above may be denominated the Yankee-poetical. It is worthy of some of the New York journalists of whose lucubrations we have from time to time treated our readers to choice specimens.

## A FRIENDLY CHAT WITH PUNCH.

Our exquisite cotemporary has of late been seized with a musical fit. His sentiments have assumed the shape of sly hits at the musical critics and quiet pokes at popular enthusiasm. When *Punch* begins to rail depend upon it there is something wrong going on. Pedantry or hyper-zeal is sure to attract his notice and receive his bite. From sundry articles that have lately appeared, (some of which have been re-published in our columns), it is clear that *Punch* disapproves of the present style of newspaper criticism on musical matters. *Punch* finds our critics either too profound or too coxcombical, and so girds up his loins, and with a spear, pointed with irony and dipped in gall, he smites them under the fifth rib. The aim of the "review of a street concert," which we quoted some few numbers back, was not to be mistaken. Nor does the following admit of much equivocation:

## CLASSICAL PANTOMIME QUARTETS.

A DELIGHTFUL series of Pantomime Quartettes has recently been commenced by four of our first executants in that most captivating branch of art, and we hope to see the experiment perfectly successful. These charming unions have originated in the taste and genius of the

veteran Southby, who conceived the happy idea of holding meetings for the effective rendering of some of those exquisite pantomimic *moreaux* that have been bequeathed to us by the great Grimaldi and other old masters. The programme for last Monday was exceedingly attractive, and comprised the delicious wheelbarrow movement, Op. 926, together with "Tippitywitchet," and a variety of other favourite compositions. The wheelbarrow movement created the most intense interest among the numerous *dilettanti* and *virtuosi* who thronged the room. Southby's firmness and breadth gave a steadiness and body which are essential to the perfect rendering of this great work of art, and his grasp of his subject was splendidly displayed in the handling of the wood which forms the wheel of the wheelbarrow. Howell made an admirable second in this display of pantomimic learning; and though he had little more to do than support Southby, the hand of the master was apparent in every movement. "Tippitywitchet" gave Mathews an opportunity of coming forward more independently in the solo bits, where his scholarship came out with great freshness and force; while the *tutti*s at the end of each verse enabled every executant to display some peculiarity for which he is illustrious. In the sneeze, the freedom and freshness of Mathews told exceedingly well; while he never allowed his gushing buoyancy to go beyond that delicate nicety which marks the true artist. Howell did efficient service in the yawn, and carried his audience with him in a most astonishing manner. The *dilettanti* expressed the most unmeasured delight at the whole performance, and evidently take great interest in the success of these pantomimic unions. We understand that "Hot Codlings" is the next great work the executants will take in hand, but they do not mean to present it to the *virtuosi* until it can be given in that state of perfection which is due to a composition of such rare magnitude.

The question is what would *Punch* desire in a musical reviewer? Would he reduce him to the level of a Bow Street reporter? Does he consider that ignorance of the terms which musicians use, to express the forms and conditions of their art, is the best recommendation to the critic's chair? Would he bring us back to those easy times, when the notice of a new opera was composed of a half-column of plot, a quarter-column of scenery, an eighth-column on the merits of the performers, and *half a line* on the music? That *Punch* is the staunchest of reformers, no less than the oiliest of humourists and pungentest of wits, no one doubts. But it is a new manner of reform to dig up the grave of the past and rake out the bones of exploded errors. If music be an art it surely merits grave consideration, and there can be no absurdity in treating of it in the terms that are most appropriate. We can perceive nothing more comical in the technicalities of that art than of any other. Why then should they exclusively be made the subject of jests and epigrams. The little English urchin says *parley-wow* to a Frenchman, and thinks himself very witty in laughing at what he does not understand. We do not for an instant compare the admirable *Punch* to the little English urchin—but we would humbly put it to his courtesy to explain what he finds to laugh at in the terms C major, or D minor? The conditions which these terms express are expressible in no other way, and therefore offer no legitimate ground for the exercise of pleasantries. Moreover Op. 20 means the 20th work, and Op. 30, the thirtieth, &c. Where then is the joke in saying the key of Q minor and Z major—Op. 926, or 9000000? If there were enough keys to require more letters, Q or Z would do as well as any other; and if a composer has written 926,\* or even 9000000 works, Op. 926, or Op. 9000000, would very aptly designate the number of his last one. No one laughs at a painter for calling red red, blue blue, an easel an easel, a brush a brush, or a palate a palate. Why then laugh at a musician for calling C major C major? Would it be more appropriate to call C major a bolster and Op. 50 a hole in the wall?

We address these remonstrances to *Punch* in sorrow not in anger, for we cherish him as our own soul. He is our lite-

rary cake and ale, our morning and evening companion, the very solace and nourishment of our existence. We appreciate his wit, we relish his humour, we admire his learning, we wonder at his sagacity, reverence his philanthropy, and let out no end of line to get at the bottom of him—for though his surface sparkles and bubbles he is never the type of shallow water. We supplicate him, therefore, with clasped hands and bended knees not to oppose the progress of an art of which we are certain he is, in his soul, a devoted adherent. The press now gives that serious consideration to music which it should have given long ere this—let not *Punch*, the great humanizer and refiner, be the adversary of so wholesome an improvement.

We agree in a great measure with *Punch* in condemning the inflated language in which some of the musical writers of the day are apt to indulge. But here even we cannot but see an error on the right side. It is surely better to be enthusiastic about a thing which is good and so push it on to fortune, than to be frigid and so kill with indifference. We cannot do better than conclude our homily with a passage from one of the sermons of John Henry Newman, on the theory and development of religious doctrine. Let *Punch* peruse it attentively and own that there must be something in music to have inspired this great advocate of the church with such deep sentiments of respect.

"Let us take another instance of an outward and earthly form or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale, make them fourteen, yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet as there is a divinity in the theology of the church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or of a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, and of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home; they are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot alter, though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."

If the inspired eloquence of the above do not move the heart of *Punch* and make it yearn towards the mysteries of sound, we have only one thing left to propose. When next he goes to hear Jenny Lind in the *Sonnambula*, and the fountains of his soul are opened by the magic of that soft voice, and the tears trickle silently down his cheek (as he has confessed in half a sonnet), let him ask himself what is the influence that has moved him. We doubt not that the answer will fully serve our purpose, and convert *Punch* from an enemy into a friend. And who then shall oppose the march of music?

\* Czerny has published upwards of 1,200!



## MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THERE has been a remarkable dearth in musical affairs here since the crowning success of the Hargreaves' Choral Society in the production of *Elijah*, some two months ago, in the presence of and conducted by its gifted composer, Mendelssohn. Our Theatre Royal closed its dramatic season on the 31st. ultimo; the house was brilliantly crowded to witness the performance of the lovely Mrs. Nesbitt in *Lady Teazle* and Mr. Ranger as Sir Peter, in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, being for the benefit of the spirited proprietor. On the 10th of June the theatre re-opened for an operatic season with *Anna Bolena*, in the English version, adapted for the Princess's Theatre in London and with the same performers as principals: Miss Bassano, Miss Georgiana Smithson, Miss Sarah Flower, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Bodda. Manchester has long had the character of being a musical town, and from the number and the character of its musical societies and the way in which its Gentlemen's Concerts—its Hargreaves' Choral Society—its Glee Clubs and Madrigal Society are supported, any one would naturally suppose the Manchester people to be a very musical set of folks. But here have we an English version of an Italian opera, produced in better style than any English opera perhaps ever was before in Manchester, yet has it been performed to empty benches! We were grieved—truly grieved to see so wretched a house as there was on Friday evening—perhaps barely sufficient to pay gas and orchestra—whilst the expense of the five principal singers from London—of a select but admirable chorus—of the additional scenery, dresses, new music, and all other expenses, incidental to the production of an opera—would be so much out of the proprietor's pocket—to say nothing of rent and taxes. We regret this the more as we have not had many operatic performances in Manchester of late years, and if the public give such small encouragement as they did last year to *Acis and Galatea*, (which lost the management some five hundred pounds), and to *Anna Bolena* this, it will deter John Knowles, Esq. or any other manager from venturing to bring down first-rate London talent for the performance of operas. But, to the performance itself, we can speak as warmly in its praise—as we feel indignant at its unmerited neglect—and the apathy of our townsfolk. Miss Bassano both acted and sang the part of *Anna Bolena* most admirably. She has an excellent voice with considerable execution, a pleasing person and is quite at ease on the stage. In the more impressive parts she strongly reminds us of the first *Anna* we saw in the Italian version, Grisi herself: it was, altogether, a most praiseworthy performance. Miss Sarah Flower, as the page, made quite a sensation with her fine deep contralto voice, her first song, "O that I never more might see," ("Deh non voler," in the original), was rapturously encored. Mr. Bodda was a very respectable representative of Henry the Eighth; he has not a very powerful bass voice nor a very flexible one, but it is of good quality and he got through the part with credit. Mr. Allen established himself a favourite here by his performance of Don Cesar de Bezan, in *Maritana*, last autumn. We were much surprised that so few people attended to see him in the part of Percy and to hear his beautiful tenor voice and sweet falsetto in the "Vivi tu," (so long hacknied at concerts by Rubini and Ivanoff), or rather in the concluding movement, "Nel veder" ("Firm and fearless," in the translation), which, thin as the house was and few the auditors, produced a most decided and unanimous encore. Miss Bassano obtained great applause and well-merited, for her rendering the chief songs allotted to *Anna* so well, especially the "Va infelice," (we prefer the Italian titles—they are best known) and the "Ah dolce guidami." The chief concerted bits went well together, more particularly the *sestet*, "In questi sguardi," and the trio "Ambo Morrete." The female choristers ought to have a word of praise too for their sweet warbling of the chorus of ladies which opens the second act, "Oh! dove mai." The male chorus had but little to do, that little however was done well. Of *Anna Bolena*, as an opera, we do not think any more favourably for having seen it in an English version, the subject is not a good one, history too is completely at variance with the tale, and we are convinced that it has been much indebted to Pasta and Grisi for its having maintained its position in the repertoire of Her Majesty's Theatre. The music does not come up

to our ideas of a grand serious opera—query is the opera *seria* Donizetti's forte? We question it much!—The impression it first made on our minds was, that we had seen a capital embodiment of Holbein's picture of Henry the Eighth, by Lablache, and some impassioned scenes by Grisi, but falling short in almost every other requirements for a grand opera. On Monday the same party gave the English version of *Somambula* to a very moderate house. To-night *Anna Bolena* is given for the fifth time. To-morrow night Loder's *Night Dancers* is to be produced. We shall attend and give you our opinion there *enent*. Meantime we do hope the lovers of music may improve the attendance, or our opera season will be cut short in mid career. On Monday next Alboni, Corbani, Tagliafico, and Joachim, appear, for one night, at the Gentlemen's Concerts, Concert Hall, (and not at the Philharmonic Society of Manchester, as stated by your Liverpool correspondent, last week). After the English operas French plays are promised, with Mdle. Rachel, and last, not least, when the season is over at Her Majesty's Theatre, Jenny Lind herself is announced for the only two nights she is to appear in the provinces, at our Theatre Royal!

### A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goethe,

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodore Röscher, Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

## CHAPTER I.—SECTION II. (continued).

By these intimations we have opened the way for the estimation of the subject-matter of the work of art we have now to consider. If above we designated as "world historical" those works in which an absolute life-element, the comprehensive thought of a world-intention, was matured to its complete artistic development, the "Affinities" belongs unquestionably to this class. Let us try to express the signification of this subject-matter in the sense already specified.

We cannot deny this exalted position to a work which has proposed to itself the problem of artistically unfolding the absolute significance and substantial power of that institution, which is the foundation of all moral order, the pillar of the moral spirit, as it completes itself for the edifice of the state,—namely, marriage. I say "artistically," since it is only because this is not done in a didactic form—in which the incidents and individuals only hold the subordinate place of being mere means for the manifestation of an abstract truth, which, as it were, floats independently over the development—that the work belongs to the sphere of our consideration, and to the eminence we have preliminarily accorded it.

An investigation into the structure of the work has now to bring to consciousness this declaration, which is at first merely asserted. Let us first consider the connection of the object of our work with the world to which it belongs. While we very generally designate the world, of which we are members, the *Christian* world, we thereby at the same time denote that Christianity has penetrated its elements, and so completely rules the materials of life, that its (this world's) form reflects the essence of the Christian Idea. As man in his infinite worth, in his absolute conception,\* extending beyond all nationality, was first comprehended by Christianity, so has this, his nature of the infinite, free personality to assert itself in the institutions of the moral mind. These institutions first arise by the general principle, already indicated, gaining in them shape and life for the manifestation of the Christian spirit,† as, on the other hand, the latter in the unfolding and production of forms and organs, which are indeed different, but are yet connected together by the all-present soul, displays itself as a living power and energy. Hence marriage also, when formed by the Christian principle, first attains its absolute importance and highest right, by appearing as the form of the moral mind, in which two free individuals, possessed of equal rights, are combined into a moral unity, the foundation and issue of which are made by the free resignation of the entire human being. It is not until the individuals, who are in themselves independent, mutually resign themselves, through

\* "Begriff," vide "Translator's Comment."

† The word "Geist" may be rendered both "mind" and "spirit;" nor does the School recognise any essential difference between these two senses.—Translator.

the power of love, and determine themselves to a voluntary dependence on each other, that that unity arises which we designate an infinite unity, because in this mediation each one receives everything back from the other,—each one at the same time runs through the peculiar sphere of his own action, without the combination being perilled.

Marriage, therefore, first attains its highest conception and the existence, which corresponds to it, when it has both recognized and preserved the absolute right of the free infinite personality of each of the two individuals, and has at the same time voluntarily bound and limited them both—when therefore the unity proceeds out of the difference, without losing the force of its vitality. This marriage, which thrives on the soil of Christianity, is therefore universal according to its very nature, that is, projecting over all the individuality of race, and, notwithstanding the modifications conditioned by nationality and other peculiarities, reaches as far as the domain of Christianity.

From what we have thus said, what results for art? Neither philosophy nor art go beyond the world-intuition within which they produce themselves; on the contrary, the elements for both must be already wrought by reality; the life-materials must be already formed before the kingdom of thought and of free imagination can subject them to itself and transfigure them. For even free imagination is, like free thought, not a baseless and unbounded essence, but rather has its roots deeply sunk into the actual world, whence it invariably receives the conditions of its existence, as it were, the circle of its extension, as a law not to be despised, within the limit of which it unfolds itself to the freest organization, according to its most peculiar nature. Infinite, therefore, as is the imagination of the artist within itself, yet at the same time is the region of its creative activity limited by the stage of the artist's world-intuition. But this is so little prejudicial to its infinite freedom, that it much more acquires by it the *moment* of determinateness, naturally known not as a limit forced upon it from without, but as the necessary appearance of every idea developing itself in time, the form of which is always a finity of the infinite.

Let us be allowed to look still closer at this point, which is on the whole so little considered, and a right view of which is of the highest importance for the knowledge of the work before us.

Unlimited as to many the poet's freedom and capability of conception may appear, we shall nevertheless, have immediately the perfect assent of all, when we maintain, that to Sophocles, the most fruitful poet of Greece, it would have been impossible to found a tragedy on the passion (pathos) of love, that this sphere was completely closed against his imagination, because, within his world-intuition, the infinity of free inclination and of internality had not yet attained its rights, and could therefore be no object for his imagination. Here then, at once, does the *moment* of limitation declare itself. But because this moment has only the import of the idea, which limits itself in its own movement, the artist does not feel the limit as a check, but breathes and lives in it freely, apparently shapes his work according to his own arbitrary will, and always believes that there is spread out before him that infinite fulness of material, which can withhold from him none of its rich, concealed, and possible treasures.

Let us apply what we have said to the matter before us. Since art, like philosophy, cannot find the expression and conception of future relations, until reality has developed the process of them;—since both, therefore, pre-suppose from their activity, the forming of the actual world, which they then transform into the ideal element of imagination and thought, it follows that the absolute significance of marriage—sprung from the free infinite resignation of the individuals as a fundamental pillar of all social order—cannot become an object of art, until after reality has gained for it this position. Art, then, will not be able to master it in its whole compass, until after the moral mind, in the form of marriage, is developed out of the spirit of Christianity, has fulfilled its highest designation, and attained its conception. The full wealth of this moral vitality in the unfolding process of reality, is therefore the necessary supposition of comprehension and universal treatment by poetry. We can regard this thought still in another form. All art, rightly understood, is an apotheosis, that is to say, a transformation of the concrete reality into a concrete ideality, of the living

phenomenon, which does not correspond to the idea, into one which is adequate to its conception,—therefore always a transformation of the real, even soulful body, into the transfigured body, homogeneous to the species. On what, then, can an apotheosis of marriage rest? On the ideal exhibition and unveiling of all the relations and collisions, by the abundance of which both its absolute significance and its absolute power, controlling every opposition, are given as a highest and complete (exhausting\*) result, which we shall see as a world rounding itself before our eyes.

We are all aware how much the tendency and significance of the work in question, as thus precursory described, will offend that public opinion which has almost become imposing from the number of those that profess it, which is pleased in maintaining the contrary, and therefore with the warfare against the moral tendency of the work; nay, considers this warfare almost as a matter of conscience. Hence the opposite opinion has been intentionally uttered by us in all its sharpness. With a prejudice so little in favor of the idea, which we have put at the head, and declared to be the soul of the whole, the necessity for rigor in laying our foundations, seems so much the more urgent as with it is connected the aim of compelling public opinion to an acknowledgment of its error, and to a consciousness of its prejudice.

(To be continued.)

TRANSLATOR'S COMMENT.—In the above portion of Dr. Rötischer's treatise, there occur several expressions which will appear almost unintelligible to those who are totally unacquainted with the phraseology of the Hegelian school. The following elucidations are therefore offered:—

The word "begriff," here rendered "conception," will from its situation in the context, where Christianity is said to apprehend man in his "absolute conception," doubtless present peculiar difficulties. The "begriff" or "conception" in the Hegelian language, comprehends those attributes which really constitute the essence of a certain thing. Thus it is the "begriff" of a triangle that it has three angles. In strict geometry, a figure which did not answer to its "begriff" would be impossible, but in the natural world and in history, nothing is more common than such a disparity.

A deformed man cannot be said to answer to his "begriff," as far as his shape is concerned, but that shape has a sort of exceptional existence. The absolute worth of the individual man, being first recognized by Christianity, which declares all equal before God, whereas the Jew recognized no equality with the Gentile, nor the Greek with the barbarian, and therefore did not admit the worth of man as man, it is said that man in Christianity is first apprehended in his "begriff," which reaches beyond all nationality. The subjects of an oriental despotism may correspond to their "begriff" as Turks, but not to their "begriff" as men. If it be objected that it is a contradiction in terms, first to declare that the "begriff" comprehends the essential attributes of a thing, and then that a thing which does not correspond to it may exist, it may be answered that this very contradiction is recognized in the Hegelian philosophy—nay, is the very gist of that philosophy.

"Development" is the Hegelian motto, and the principle of development consists in the progress of a thing from a condition in which its "begriff" is only in *posse* to one where it is actually realized. Hence the high veneration which the Hegelians have for art, since the artist can omit those accidents and monstrosities which stand between the "begriff" and its realization, and aim at once at an adequate representation. In this sense it may be affirmed that the highest works of *fiction* are more true than *facts*.

The word "Moment" signifies that element which is so taken into the nature of a thing (or thought), that it loses its separate existence. In the natural world, chemical combination furnishes an instance. Thus oxygen and hydrogen when combined into water, are not merely attached mechanically like bread and butter in a slice thereof, but are so blended that they have lost their individuality, and only exist as *moments* of their result—water. The *moment* of "limitation," it will be observed, is in the above represented as completely blended with the Idea in its state of development, and not as a pressure from without. The reader will not go far wrong if he considers "moment" equivalent to "element," as I

\* Erachöpfend.



suggested last week, but I have thought it right to give the more accurate signification.

The word "Infinite" has a very peculiar meaning in the Hegelian language, and those who attach to it the sense of a total absence of limit, will be unable to understand its meaning in several passages above. As that is "finite" (endlich) which is limited from without, so do the Hegelians call that "infinite" (unendlich) which limits itself. An individual so free, that he could always change external circumstances at will, would correspond to this "begriff" of infinity, because the limits he imposed would proceed from his own act. To require that an individual should be infinite in the common sense of the word, would be to require that he should lack the "moment" of limitation, and consequently be no individual at all. We have, however, a symbol for the Hegelian "Infinity," when we call a circle endless; for this does not mean that the circle fills all boundless space, in which case it would not be a circle, nor any other figure, but that the line which forms the circumference returns into itself, or—to refer to a more pictorial illustration—that the tail of the serpent is in its mouth.

\*.\* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

### SONNET.

No. XXXIX.

Dearest, the cloud of sorrow oft I see  
Across thy brow in mournful triumph steal;  
I've seen one trembling look the grief reveal,  
Which thou hast thought was hidden, love, from me.  
I've seen thee try to look from sorrow free,  
When tears have struggled thy bright eyes to fill;  
I've seen the smile which should thy pain conceal,  
Quivering, betray that pain, in spite of thee.  
And I have pain'd thee, I thy heart have riv'n,  
I—who if I could clasp thee to my breast,  
Would ask of gracious Heav'n no other bliss—  
Nay, if by fate in pity thou wert given,  
Would ask how I deserv'd to be so blest.  
I bring thee pain!—God, was I born for this? N. D.

### DUBLIN MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

This young and deservedly popular society gave its final concert for the season on Tuesday evening last, to a most numerous assemblage of beauty, rank, and fashion, at the Ancient Concerts Room—the Lord Chancellor presiding, as usual, supported by General Denis, the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, Sir Thomas Staples, and a host of the *élite* of the aristocracy. The programme, from its judicious and varied selection, led us to expect a rich musical treat—an expectation which was more than realised. The madrigals, forming the principal feature, were given by a number of well-trained voices, mostly amateurs, numbering upwards of sixty, whose singing evinced the great pains that must have been bestowed upon them by their able conductor, Mr. G. L. Geary. We were particularly delighted with a madrigal of his own composition—"Sweet Aurora, haste away;" the music beautifully and classically illustrating the sentiments of the poet, and evidently the production of a well educated musician. Mr. Hill rendered the favourite ballad of Wallace—"Gone is the calmness," with pleasing effect; but we take leave to recommend him to throw more of the *anima* into his performance. This defect we also noticed in Miss Byrne, although highly gifted with a fine, rich, pleasing organ. Miss E. Searle sang very prettily a Scotch ballad, "O call me not unkind, Robin," which elicited an *encore*. A lady (a *debutante*) a pupil, we understand, of the conductor, appeared in the charming duet of Kückens, "The flight of the Swallow," and also in Lover's ballad, "The Four-Leaved Shamrock." The performances of both called forth rapturous *encores*. This lady's voice is a sweet *soprano*, of extensive range, but evidently not yet fully developed. However, under the instruction of her present master, we can have no doubt but that she will be a great acquisition to the concert room. An Orpheus quartet and some other concerted music, were sweetly sung by amateur members of the society. The instrumental performance devolved upon Messrs. Glover, Lovey, and Lidel (members of the society), the two former performing a duet, (Mr.

Glover's composition), on airs selected from Verdi's opera of *Nino*, each gentleman proving himself master of his instrument; but the selection did not seem to create interest. Mr. Lidel was most happy in his *solo* on the violoncello, introducing an Irish air which carried the feelings of the audience with it. We were also happy to see another member, Mr. Conran, presiding at the pianoforte. Some disappointment was manifested that Mr. Geary did not, as heretofore, appear in a *solo*; but we have been informed that his late domestic bereavement was the cause of his declining. We cannot conclude without congratulating the conductor and the committee on the successful termination of their season, and have no doubt but that the members and the public will look forward with much interest to their reunion next season.

### AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

(Continued from page 379.)

Now the sounds of what is called the *Scale* in Music are not continuous or concrete, but are made by drawing the bow whilst the finger is held stationary at certain successive places on the string: thus showing an interruption of the continuous upward slide. These places are seven in number, and their distances from each other are determined by a scientific rule for subdividing the string—other sounds still ascending on the string may be made by a similar interrupted progression. But since the second series of seven, though of higher pitch, yet adjusted by the same rule, do so accord respectively with the first seven, and as the same is true of other classes of seven that may be formed between the lowest and the highest limit of sound, the whole extent of variation in acuteness and gravity is regarded as consisting of but the simple scale of seven sounds, in different ranges of pitch. I give in the margin a diagram of the places at which we suppose the string to be pressed, and have marked numerically the points of two of the repeated series of seven sounds, using the initials T and S respectively for the term *Tone* and *Semitone*. Upon comparing this picture with the above account of the production of concrete sound, and supposing the concrete progression upon the string to be represented by the continuous vertical line on which these black points are set, it will be perceived that portions of the concrete must be unheard when the bow is drawn only whilst the finger is stationary at the several points. The sounds thus produced at these points, omitting the intermediate concrete, are, when heard successively, called *Discrete Sounds*, and these in a given order, as represented by the diagram, constitute a *Discrete Scale*. The explanation which has thus been given of the manner of concrete and discrete progression, is to be understood of the downward course also. The variations of pitch on most musical instrument are discrete. The violin and its varieties derive much of their peculiar power in execution from being susceptible of the concrete movement: and it is one of the great sources, as will be shewn hereafter, of *expression* in the human voice. The several points at which we have supposed the sounds to be made in the discrete progression, are called degrees of the scale. Any two degrees are, by relative position, called *Proximate* when they are next to each other, and *Remote* when they include one or more proximate degrees between them. The distance between any two points in the scale is called an *Interval*. The interval or quantity of concrete voice either heard or omitted between the first and second places as numbered in the diagram, is called a *Tone*. That between the second and third is likewise a *Tone*. That between the third and fourth is called a *Semitone*. The interval between the fourth and fifth, fifth and sixth, sixth and seventh, is each a *Tone*; and lastly, that between the seventh and eighth, or first of the next series, a *Semitone*.

(To be continued.)



## GHELTENHAM CHORAL SOCIETY.

THE First Concert of this Society, under the new management, took place on Friday, June 10, which was attended by a numerous and fashionable audience, who testified their approbation by an almost continued applause. The whole of the performances bore evident marks of great attention and improvements. The leader, Mr. R. Butts, and Mr. Morgan, the conductor, played a duet, for violin and piano, by De Beriot and Benedict, in a masterly style. The songs were admirably sung by Mr. and Mrs. Grundy and Miss Tovey. The audience were taken by surprise at the singing of Nelson's "Red Cross Banner," by Mr. Grundy, and which was rapturously *encored*. Linten's "Blind Lover" was very sweetly sung by Miss Tovey, as was also Knight's "Soldier's Daughter," by Mrs. Grundy. If these ladies would choose their songs less sombre and throw a little more animation into their style it would materially enhance the pleasure felt in hearing them. But here again very considerable improvement was universally acknowledged. The madrigals were beautifully sung, particularly Chorley's "Now is the month of Maying," and the choruses well sustained. If there was any fault it was in the lack of efficient basses in the orchestra. We must not omit to notice a *solo* on the *co net a Distin*, by Mr. Williams, than which there could not have been a finer treat: it was perfect. This society seems to bid fair to be enabled to compete with any in the provinces and very great credit is due to those who have the management.

## MUSIC IN AMERICA.

(New York, May 30th.)

Mr. George Loder's concert was well attended; but if the excellence of a programme would attract but one half as much as will the name of some fashionable Star, or Lion, or Syren, then the Apollo would, indeed, have been filled to an overflow—for a more admirable selection of music, has seldom, if ever, been offered to the patronage of the musical world; still there was a very numerous and fashionable assemblage. The overture to "Romeo and Juliet" is a masterly and beautiful composition, abounding in charming melody and skilfully wrought effects—but to us its chief beauty was the truthful and telling adherence to the character of the delicious love story it illustrates. This is a production which alone may establish the reputation of the composer; and we look forward with pleasure to the production of other compositions by Mr. Macfarren. A feature of the evening was David's Ode Symphony *Le Desert*, which was given with great effect. Mr. George Bristow appeared, for the first time as a Pianist, and played Hummel's Concerto in A flat with considerable skill and effect—his touch is excellent, and in his playing he descends to no trickery, but treats the subject with the feeling of a true artist. The concert concluded with a MS. Dramatic Overture by George Loder. It is full of fine effects, and there is a charming vein of melody running through it. The audience evidently much pleased with the musical portion of the evening's entertainments.

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

**HAYMARKET.**—Novelty, beauty, and grace, are once more shedding their combined influence over the destinies of the Haymarket Theatre. Nisbett, the day-star of comedy, has just peered above the horizon, and has brought with her coming, laughter, mirth, and jollity. The cloud, which for some time past, was dimming the lustre of the theatre, has faded before the benign power of the fair Nisbett, and the whole area is now brilliant with smiles. Mrs. Nisbett, as a matter of course not to be deviated from, made her *re-entré* as Constance, in *The Love Chase*. The performance was as inimitable as ever. The re-engagement of this actress, at the Haymarket Theatre, by the Manager, is an act of policy, to be praised, and an act of grace, for which all the visitors to the theatre cannot be too grateful.

On Saturday evening, a new two-act drama was produced, written by Mr. Planché, and called *The Jacobite*. The construction of this piece is not very clear; neither is the plot particularly happy. The idea is taken from the ten-thousandth-time worn subject of a proscribed adherent to the Royal Family of the Stuarts, who returns from banishment without

leave, and involves himself and others in several contre-temps and adventures. We are well nigh sick of the Pretender and all appertaining to him. *The Jacobite*, nevertheless, is uncommonly amusing, and will afford a capital hour's pastime. Buckstone, as John Duck, a pot-boy, is deliciously funny, and the scene in which he is locked into a chest, and half smothered, is a perfect screamer throughout. The thread of the story is not worth unravelling; but we learn it is taken from the French. We have no knowledge of the source from whence Mr. Planché has borrowed it. The piece is neatly and smartly written, and evidences the peculiar vein of the author's humour. *The Jacobite* was entirely successful, and will, we fancy, have a good run.

**PRINCESS'S.**—Mr. Macready's performances closed last night with *King Lear*, his engagement of twelve nights having expired. The great tragedian, we believe, has entered into a larger engagement for the winter with Mr. Maddox. Mr. Macready's performances have been confined to *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Werner* (first time at the Princess's), and *The Bridal* (also first time at the Princess's). We have noticed all these performances at length, with the exception of the latter play, which we have forborne to enter into minutely, for reasons which will at once strike the reader of the drama, and the visitor to the theatre. *The Bridal* is altered and adapted to modern representation from Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*. The play is a noble work, written with great power, and displaying a fine and natural discrimination of character: but unfortunately, the incidents and tone of language partake of that pruriency of taste, and incline too fondly to paint that laxity of morals, which more or less prevailed with all the elder dramatists, and from the contamination of which not one of them would seem to have escaped save Shakespeare himself. Sheridan Knowles in his adaptation of the *Maid's Tragedy* has done much to redeem it from its coarseness, but still too much remains behind to suit the silken ears of modern listeners. The play, as exhibited on the stage, is highly dramatic; and perhaps the whole range of the drama does not present the tragic actress finer scope for her powers than the character of Evadne. The scene after the marriage with her husband, though somewhat revolting, is one of the most striking scenes ever penned. The part of Melantius, the brother of Evadne, is depicted with graphic force, and the stern features of the unyielding soldier, blended with the brotherly love of the man, are admirably preserved throughout the play. Both these characters were happily sustained by Macready and Mrs. Warner. Macready was magnificent in the prison scene. It was as grand and as striking as any thing we have seen him in, and the applause that rang through the house, was a just tribute to his incomparable acting. Mrs. Warner's Evadne is one of her best performances. It does not require the poetical grandeur of Lady Macbeth, nor the frenzied passion of Constance, but, nevertheless, rare powers and fine genius are demanded from the actress to exhibit the character in completeness. Mrs. Warner was very successful in developing the darker shades of Evadne, and produced a great impression in various scenes of the play. The last scene in the dungeon, including her return from killing the king, and her subsequent death from the effects of poison, was managed with great art. The play was received on both nights with immense applause, the principal performers being called for as usual.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—Monsieur Bouffé has again appeared among us after a four years' absence. To say that time has made no alteration in him would be advancing that which we are in no position to prove; all that we are justified in asserting is that he is the same careful, intelligent, admirable



actor we have ever known him; for Monsieur Bouffé is of no age but that which the character he is representing is supposed to have: whether the thoughtless, impertinent, open-hearted youth, as in the *Gamin de Paris*, the old *Cure* beaming with benevolence and simplicity of mind as in *Michel Perrin*, or the decrepid old man in *La Fille de L'Avare*, he is any age from 18 to 80, so that any guessing at the ravages of time upon an actor like Mr. Bouffé is mere groping in the dark. Monday was a great day for the frequenters of this elegant theatre: it brought back the most perfect master of the histrionic art now on the French stage, and most warmly was he welcomed by one of the fullest houses we have seen this year. We have many reasons for our high appreciation of M. Bouffé's talent, and in thus speaking of him we must of course be understood to rate him according to the particular walk which he has adopted, and in so doing we do not intend to depreciate the talents of other actors. At first sight there may seem to be an analogy between him and M. Perlet, but this similitude is more apparent than real, their lines being in reality so essentially different, that both actors might appear together in the same piece without their clashing in any way. M. Perlet is best in legitimate comedy, slightly bordering on the farcical, such as the *Avare*, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, &c. M. Bouffé's range of character is not of so high an order; he has applied himself to the domestic drama, to the impersonations of characters in humble life, and these he has stereotyped in bold relief and impersonated with masterly vitality. The dramatic author who conceives his character labours under innumerable difficulties, which vanish before the latitude given to the novel writer, and these when overcome, constitute the superior merit of the former. This personage cannot be described, he must make himself known by his actions, and this the author cannot do but imperfectly unless the actor come to his assistance; the author may boldly design his personages, sketch his plot, and throw in the proper oppositions of light and shade to give due effect to his picture, but the filling in, the minute details, the life, the action, the finish in short must necessarily depend upon the actor. In reading a play the imagination fills up these *vacua*; in the theatre we look to the actor for them. It is this attention to details, this embodiment of the author's meaning, this careful reading of what has been sketched out for him, this creation of character that constitutes the superior artist, and M. Bouffé possesses all these qualities in a most eminent degree. The pieces chosen for his *débüt* were *Michel Perrin*, and *Les Vieux Pêchés*. Both are too well known to require any lengthy notice at our hands. In *Michel Perrin* he was the same generous, simple-minded, confiding, charming, pure, honourable dear old man we have ever known him—the soul of honour and probity. The portrait is a delightful, charming creation, bringing tears in our eyes by its *naïve* simplicity, and making us laugh almost in the same breath. In *Les Vieux Pêchés* M. Bouffé was equally admirable as the retired opera dancer, who fancies he abominates his art because he has taken into his head to be elected churchwarden of his parish, but proves the contrary when Ninette violates its rules. This scene reminded us, and is we have no doubt, the origin of a similar scene in M. Samson's admirable little comedy of *Les Trois Crispins*. We must not omit to mention that Macemoiselle Vallée was charmingly natural as the *dansuse de l'Opera*. On Wednesday we had *Le Gamin de Paris*, and on Friday *La Fille de l'Avare*. The latter is founded on De Balzac's admirable novel, "Eugénie Grandet;" in the

novel the miser's daughter is the principal character, whilst in the drama, the miser stands most prominent; we cannot say we approve of the alteration. De Balzac's creation is a masterly conception, tenderly and minutely delineated, and we think should have taken its proper standing: in short, the novel has been spoiled by this unworthy sacrifice, or rather it is a different thing altogether. J. DE C—E.

## CONCERTS.

MR. AND MRS. W. H. SEGUIN gave their annual concert on Tuesday morning, June the 8th, at the Hanover Rooms, which was fully and fashionably attended. Mrs. Seguin was suffering from hoarseness, but she exerted herself most successfully in several songs and concerted pieces. Mr. Seguin sang a song from Handel's *Scipione* extremely well; and, with Madame F. Lablache, Rossini's *Dunque io son*, for F. Lablache, who was indisposed. Numerous songs, &c., were successfully sung by Mesdames Doras Gras, Hennelle, F. Lablache, and Seguin; Misses Birch, Duval, and Dolby; Messrs. Wilson, Brizzi, W. Seguin, Pischek, and John Parry; the latter was encored in "Lalla Rookh," and Pischek sang an extra song, and gave Spohr's song from *Faust*, splendidly. M. Bezeth played a violin solo by De Beriot, in a very excellent style; we were pleased to observe Sainton applauding his brother artist most liberally; John Chatterton gave one of his brilliant fantasias on the harp, accompanied by Mr. W. H. Holmes, with his wonted talent. The Distins performed a quintet on the Sax-horns, from Verdi's *Ernani*, and on the Sax-tubas, W. Beale's clever madrigal which elicited great applause. W. G. Kialmark accompanied the vocal pieces, &c., with ability.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A performance of Haydn's *Creation* took place at Exeter Hall, on Monday last, in aid of the inhabitants of Scotland, who are suffering from famine. Considering the cause, we are not disposed to severe criticism on the occasion, but suffice it to say that the oratorio was on the whole tolerably well performed. The principal singers were Mad. Caradori Allan, Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Herr Staudigl, and Herr Pischek. The singing of the two latter artists in that portion of the music allotted to them was superb, and the last and well known duet, sung in German by Miss Birch and Pischek, was almost perfection. The Hall was crowded by a highly fashionable company, and the amount realised in aid of the funds of the charity we are told exceeds One thousand pounds. The performance was suggested originally by Mrs. Malcolm, the daughter of the Archbishop of York, to whose untiring energies and great exertions may be mainly attributed the successful results.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Mr. Henry Wylde, the pianist and composer, gave his grand annual concert on Wednesday morning, which was attended by one of the most fashionable and brilliant audiences of the season. The programme was on a large scale, and provided an admirable entertainment. A grand orchestra was engaged, comprising among its members most of the elite of the London bands. This effective cohort of instrumentalists was conducted with spirit and tact by Mr. Lucas, under whose direction some *chef d'œuvres* of the great masters were well performed. The *Jupiter* symphony was given with powerful effect, and the overture to *Fidelio* interpreted *à merveille*. In addition, the band played a MS. overture, the composition of Mr. Henry Wylde, which was received with much applause. This work exhibits considerable musical skill, knowledge of harmony, and instrumental effects, and manifests a melodic feeling and grace which are strongly corroborative of the young composer's art and ability. The overture altogether possesses very great merit, and is the sure forerunner of something still better. Mr. Wylde performed on the piano, Hummel's celebrated rondo, "Mon retour à Londres," and a composition of his own in MS., both of which he performed with nice mechanism and very superior taste. His MS. introduction and rondo is a specimen of the modern brilliant school of pianoforte writing, with, however, a dash of the eclectic in it, which rescues it from the charge of insipidity, which, critically speaking, attaches to that class of compositions. One of the chief features of the concert was decidedly Joseph Joachim's violin performances. He played Mendelssohn's violin concerto—one of the most marvellous compositions of the great author—in such a manner as

positively to electrify the room. A more exquisitely finished performance it never was our fortune to hear. Herr Joachim also played a fugue of Bach's, and another *morceau*, which were received with rapturous applause. The vocal section comprised Herr Pischek in a scena from *Faust*; in a very beautiful song of Mr. Wylde's to German words, and a German ballad; Mrs. G. A. Macfarren, in an aria of Mozart's, given with much feeling and expression; the Misses Williams in a duet, and the Misses Pyne in a ditto; and Madame Dorus Gras in "Una voce," and a French Romanza—all excellent in their various kind. The concert was certainly one of the best of the season, and Mr. Henry Wylde deserves our best thanks for the highly intellectual, no less than diversified, entertainment, he submitted to us on Wednesday.

MESSRS. GOLMRICK AND OBERTHUR'S first matinee musicale took place on Thursday (by kind permission), at *Winterton House*. The selection of music and the execution thereof gave general satisfaction. Messrs. Golmrick and Oberthür received well merited applause, for their performance of a Duo for harp and piano, on the subject of the popular Song, "My heart's on the Rhine." Miss Sabilla Novello was, as usual, excellent in the *Casta Diva*, and the song from the *Freyschutz*, "Softly Sighs." The ballad by Keller, "In my dark eyes," and Mendelssohn's "Spring is returning," were excellently rendered by Madame Knipsel, and Messrs. Golmrick's and Oberthür's performances on their respective instruments (piano and harp), gave great pleasure to the audience. Mr. Mühlensfeldt conducted in his customary musicianly manner. We almost omitted to mention, with approbation, a very pretty Lied "Abschied," with obligato violin accompaniment, sung very nicely by Madame Knipsel, the composition by Mr. Golmrick.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—A grand performance of miscellaneous music took place yesterday in the theatre, to which want of space precludes us from devoting more than a few lines. The principal feature of the concert was the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, which was sung with immense effect by most of the principals, and the entire chorus. An apology was made for Mario, and Signor Salvi undertook the tenor solo "Cujus animam," at a short notice. Of the performance of the *Stabat Mater*, we should specialize as most entitled to praise the "Cujus animam" of Salvi; the "Pro peccatis" of Tamburini, finely given; the "Fac ut portem," deliciously sung by Alboni, and encoired; the "Inflammatus," by Grisi, encoired with enthusiasm; and the unaccompanied quartet, "O uando corpus," by Grisi, Alboni, Tamburini, and a gentleman substituted for Mario, whose name did not transpire. The band played the overture to *Oberon* with ravishing effect. The second part commenced with the overture to *Semiramide*, magnificently performed. Then followed an aria from *Gemma di Vergi*, finely rendered by Ronconi; after which the Signor's *Cara Sposa* gave an aria of Donizetti's with the greatest possible taste and finish; and Salvi was encoired in Verdi's *preghiera*, "Ciel pietoso," which exhibited to perfection the delicacy and purity of his style. Next all the principals and chorus sang Rossini's *Carita*, and the concert concluded at an early hour with Beethoven's splendid Overture to *Fidelio*. The theatre was crowded to excess in every part, not a single seat being obtainable even on Thursday. There could not have been less than 2000 pounds in the house. The same performances will be again repeated on Friday morning, July 2. Signor Costa conducted.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ON Saturday *Norma* was repeated for the second time, and again attracted an immense concourse. The Queen, Prince Albert, and *suite* occupied the Royal box, and a large assembly of fashionables attended. Grisi's performance excited even greater enthusiasm than on the Tuesday. She was recalled after the "Casta Diva," a just tribute to her magnificent singing; was again encoired in the *morceau*, "Oh non tremare, O perfido;" and, what was altogether unprecedented in the performance of *Norma*, was called on to repeat her share of the trio immediately following, "Oh! di qual sei tu vittima." A more enrapt and excited assembly was never witnessed than the Royal Italian Opera audience of Saturday

night. We have had cause, on several previous occasions, to find fault with the unaccountable frigidity of the visitors to this theatre; but latterly the fault, if it be a fault, seems to incline the other way, and to run riot into the wildest excitement. Grisi, Corbari, Salvi, and Marini, were again summoned after the first act and at the end of the opera, Grisi being recalled a second time at the fall of the curtains. All we have said in our last notice was more than confirmed by seeing the Diva a second time in *Norma*. We are convinced her performance of the *Druidess* has never been surpassed within the memory of man: and indeed it would puzzle us to say where and when it has been paralleled. Salvi and Marini both sang very finely, and Corbari was still more happy than on the previous night in *Adalgisa*. She obtained the heartiest applause throughout her performance. After the opera a new grand Ballet, entitled *Manon Lescaut*, was produced for Fanny Elssler. The exquisite and pathetic story of the Abbé Prevost, is in the recollection of every reader. It is justly recognised as one of the *chef d'œuvres* of the French novel school, and obtains an equal standing in the language with the "Vicar of Wakefield" in our own English. *Manon Lescaut* is one of the most real and heart-rending tales that ever was fashioned by human imagination. The follies, errors, and lamentable fate of the ill-educated and irresolute maiden are told in the original, with a simplicity and truth that are perfectly astonishing. When the Ballet was announced as already in preparation, it struck us as being an ill-chosen subject, replete with difficulties in the representation, and affording but few salient points on which the ballet-master might suspend his effects. "However," thought we to ourselves, "the last scene in the desert, where poor Manon dies from hunger and fatigue, and the chevalier digs her grave with his sword, will afford scope for magnificent scenic display, and Fanny Elssler will be wondrous in the death scene. But, *surgit amari aliquid*, judge of our consternation on reading the following plot of *Manon Lescaut*, distributed in the *affiches* of the theatre.

"The Ballet opens with a brilliant scene in some public gardens at Paris, with a busy and pleasure seeking crowd; amongst whom are Manon (Fanny Elssler), and her lover De Grieux (Casati). Manon wishes her lover to buy her some trinkets; but, he not having the money, she flirts with the gay Marquis de Granville. De Grieux, in a moment of irritation, enlists, and with his smart money buys her the objects she craves; but being suddenly ordered away by the sergeant who has enlisted him, she learns what he has done, and faints away. The scene changes to the house of the Marquis, whither Manon has been carried, and we learn that the *premiere danseuse* has been taken ill and cannot perform. This drives the Marquis to despair, as he is also the manager of the Opera. But Manon relieves him from his dilemma, by offering to dance herself. A representation of a grand Ballet, *Flora and Zephyr*, takes place, and then Manon achieves a most brilliant success as a *danseuse*, the enthusiasm is prodigious, and she goes to the Marquis's box, to receive his congratulations upon her success. The Marquis more than congratulates, but his freedom is repulsed by Manon; and De Grieux, who has witnessed the scene, indignant at the insult, fires a pistol at the Marquis, but misses his aim; and, amidst a scene of general confusion, he is led off in custody. The next scene is the interior of the Military Prison, where De Grieux is confined, and where Manon seeks him, to offer him consolation in his distress; but she is at first repulsed by him. De Grieux is tried by a military tribunal, and condemned to death; and he then confides to Manon a medal that he has worn from infancy; and by means of this he discovers the Marquis is his father, and through his instrumentality his pardon is obtained, and the Ballet concludes with a grand fête in the palace of the Marquis."

To denominate the above plot *Manon Lescaut* is a flighty stretch of imagination in the author of the ballet. Certainly there must be another story of *Manon Lescaut*, besides that of the able Prevost, for we cannot suppose that any being endowed with reasonable powers could write the above ballet



and believe that it was grounded on the celebrated French tale. There is not a single point of similarity between them. The ballet might as rationally be called *King Lear*; or *Tom Thumb*, as *Manon Lescaut*. Whatever fault we have to find with the ballet, rests entirely with the nomenclature; and we opine that the author never dreamed of inditing it under such a title; but that having some other ballet prepared, *Werner* perhaps, or *The Cenci*, he exchanged the names in his precipitation. The ballet produced at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday, is one of the most complete and splendid representations of the *genre* we ever saw on the stage. It is in every respect worthy the great establishment that brought it out, and the inimitable artist who so wondrously personifies the heroine. Never was the delightful Fanny Elssler seen to greater advantage. For the first time at Covent Garden she felt herself in her natural sphere of combined pantomime and dancing. She exerted herself with miraculous power, and danced and acted as no other *danseuse*, but Carlotta Grisi can dance and act. Her performance throughout the ballet was an unbroken chain of triumphs, every link of which was a circle of perfection. The audience were delighted beyond measure, and though the ballet is considerably too long, the greater portion of the spectators remained to the end and called for the great artist amid the most enthusiastic manifestations of delight. But let us analyse the ballet, it is really worthy a critical notice. The first tableau represents a garden in the Royal Palace at Paris, a most splendid scene, showing the palace in the distance with its ornamental grounds, the front being occupied by a piazza or arcade, garlanded for a festival, running diagonally across the stage. The effect was particularly fine. The dances introduced were all excellent. A *pas* called *Outiglia*, by the corps de ballet, was capitally done and received with applause. *La Gaité, pas de cinque*, by Mdlles. Fanny Elssler, De Melisse, Delechaux, Stephan, and Duval, was highly effective. Here Fanny Elssler obtained tremendous applause and an encore in one of those twinkling feats—no pun—which are at the same time the cynosure and despair of other *danseuses*. To speak in friend Punch's phrase, Fanny Elssler's *pas* went like winking. A friend of ours, sitting next us, who had never previously seen Fanny Elssler, asked us whether she had not got eyelashes to her feet? The second tableau exhibited a splendid cabinet in the palace of the Marquis. This was gorgeously painted, and in admirable taste. The *pas du miroir*, in this scene, was one of the most perfect exhibitions ever produced in a ballet. It was danced by the Mdlles. Fanny Elssler, Delechaux and Duval, in front of the gauze representing the mirror, but the names of the ladies who assisted as the reflections did not transpire. It was certainly casting a somewhat dim reflection on these excellent artistes not to name them in the bills. The next tableau showed us the interior of the Opera house before the curtain. The curtain itself in crimson and gold cloth had a magnificent appearance, and being drawn displayed a most exquisitely painted scene—a Grecian landscape of intense beauty—worthy the pencil of Stanfield himself. The time is night, preceding daybreak. The loves of Zephyr and Flora are about to be represented. Nymphs are sleeping around in various picturesque groups. The day dawns, and the splendour of the landscape breaks gradually on the sight. The change from night to full sunshine was managed with the happiest effect. The nymphs awake and await their queen, who soon arrives. Zephyr and Flora are seen wafted through the air, and then make their appearance on the stage. Zephyr, becomes enamoured of Flora, who gives him hopes and retires. The three Graces, by desire of Flora, try the constancy of

Zephyr, who is proved faithless. Flora would punish her false-hearted swain by burning his wings, but Cupid interposes and reconciles the lovers. A very pretty mythological conclusion. A dance succeeds. The divertissement introduced was extremely striking and picturesque, and gave Fanny Elssler another opportunity of displaying her marvellous agility and grace. The next tableau, the prison scene, exhibited Fanny Elssler in all the perfection of her pantomimic powers. Her acting was beautiful and natural in the extreme. Nothing could go beyond the meaning of her attitudes and looks, while the most consummate ease and grace lent a charm to which no description could do justice. It was indeed a grand triumph of art. The last tableau, a room in the palace of the Marquis prepared for a ball, surpassed in point of splendour and effect, all that had preceded. The dances introduced are not particularly striking, if we except a Grecian *pas* by Fanny Elssler, danced with enchanting grace and finish. It formed a splendid climax to one of the most splendid ballets ever produced on the stage. The curtain fell amid resounding acclamations, and the glorious Fanny was called for from every part of the theatre. In conclusion we are bound to state that *Manon Lescaut*—would that it had some other designation—is the only ballet deserving the legitimate title of GRAND, which has been produced at the Royal Italian Opera. It was in every instance complete, and was consequently as successful as could possibly be desired. The music, generally speaking, is light and sparkling, and were it not for the too frequent use of the ophicleide, would be meritorious. The hideous noise brayed into the ear of the listeners by this jackass of instruments, was positively stunning. Everybody in the house complained of it, and why, or for what purpose it is used in the music of a ballet, we cannot for our lives understand. If the audience were composed of deaf people, it would constitute an admirable demonstrative engine to convey a notion of the power of sound; but as those who go to the Opera, are in most cases possessed of the proper sensorium for receiving noises, it would be quite as well to spare their tympanums, more especially as the obstreperous din thundered forth by the ophicleide, so far from affording pleasure or meaning, is a nuisance of the worst kind. If Mr. Pio Bellini, the composer of the music, is so wedded to this instrumental Polyphemus, he should restrict his efforts to *al fresco* writing, and indite works for military bands, or Jullien's Monster Concerts at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. The ophicleide is the Marfall of all theatrical orchestras, and the sooner it is dismissed with its uproarious hurly-burly, the better it will prove for those who love to preserve their ears. What we have said of this instrumental annoyance, refers not separately to the Royal Italian Opera, and is necessarily drawn from us by the complaints we heard uttered on all sides; and we should be stinting our duty as fair critics of the Royal Italian Opera, did we not speak out—yea, as loudly as the ophicleide itself, were that possible. Dozens of people, who intended to have staid out the ballet on Saturday evening, were expelled from the house by the ophicleidan thunder, and we ourselves went home with a dinging headache, caught from no other cause than imbibing the repeated clashing of all this "SOUND AND FURY, SIGNIFYING NOTHING!"

The immortal *Barbiere* was repeated for the third time on Tuesday, it being Alboni's second appearance in Rosina. Notwithstanding the enormous attraction, (—a pun was on the tip of our pen, and we were about to indite a *Norma* attraction—) at Her Majesty's Theatre, it being a Royal Command night, and the great Jenny Lind making her first

appearance in *Norma*, the Royal Italian Opera was crowded to the ceiling, and never was a more exquisite treat proffered to the lovers of sweet sound. Alboni sang divinely. The success of the great contralto, or the great mezzo-soprano, or the great soprano, for she is whichever of them she pleases, grows like a mushroom. She has already established herself as one of the greatest favorites that ever adorned the operatic boards, and inferring from the increased enthusiasm with which she is nightly received, we know not where this favoritism will stop. The *Barbiere* was listened to on Tuesday evening with most unqualified delight. It would really seem as though it were a new opera heard for the first season, the beauties of which were only just making themselves known; but the music of the *Barbiere* is as pure and fresh as a mountain stream; as bright and unfading as Amaranth; as captivating as the voice of love; as sympathetic to the heart and as sweet as

" — the hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
The lisps of children, and their earliest words."

Never within our memory—and how often have we heard it—has the music of Rossini's *chef d'œuvre* been performed in so complete and masterly a manner, as it is now at the Royal Italian Opera. The overture is encored every night, a compliment no less to the sparkling beauties of the work itself, than to the splendid manner in which it is interpreted by the band. The entire performance of orchestra, chorus, and principals, is as near perfection as it is possible to attain, and we shall be much surprised if the *Barber of Seville* prove not one of the most attractive operas of the Covent Garden repertoire for 1847. The second performance of the new ballet is a decided improvement on the first. The dances are curtailed, and the interest is thereby concentrated. Fanny Elssler has seldom had a part in which she could more happily exhibit the exquisite grace and quietude of her style; the extraordinary rapidity of her steps; and the unapproachable truthfulness and beauty of her acting. The great artist must not feel surprised at the somewhat cold reception she met with at her first performances. The gracious *danseuse* must call to mind, or rather must be told, that there were until lately but few *habitués* at the Royal Italian Opera; that nearly one half of the audiences rushed to the theatre from no other motive than that of curiosity, thereby shutting out numbers of her real admirers, and dulling the house with their no-applause; and that in short she was not appreciated as her wondrous art deserved. But Fanny Elssler is now a "Star of Arcady" to the frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera, and when she sinks to the south, one of the brightest luminaries of the Covent Garden hemisphere will fade from the eyes of the visitors. Let us hope the night will not be long that withholds her matutinal appearance.

The long Thursday comprised the performance of *Norma*, (third time) act the second of *Barbiere*, and the ballet of *Manon Lescaut*. The entertainments did not conclude until past one. Grisi's reception was singularly enthusiastic, and showed plainly the tremendous impression her *Norma* had made on the public mind. Her performance throughout was a series of triumphs, even surpassing those of the preceding evenings. She was encored, as before, in the "Oh non tremare," and the "Oh! di qual sei tu vittima," and was recalled after the first act, when she received a complete storm of bouquets. At the end of the opera she was called for three times, and the stage was again visited with a flower-storm, which was intermingled with laurel wreaths, and other tributaries from the store house of Flora. In short it was the

greatest triumph of the season for the Diva, and that is speaking folio volumes, in a season of unprecedented ovations even for La Grisi herself. Salvi again delighted us by his manly impersonation and admirable singing in Pollio. We repeat on corroboration, his Pollio is the best we ever saw. Corbari's Adalgisa was graceful and effective as ever, and obtained considerable applause. In the *Barbiere* Alboni was encored in "Una voce"—a most exquisite and consummate effort of vocalisation—and was received with rapturous cheers throughout the opera. In the new ballet Fanny Elssler won the greatest applause she yet obtained during the season, and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour when the performances concluded, the inimitable *danseuse* was greeted at the end by a numerous assembly. Fanny Elssler deserves all the praise, aye, and more than all the praise, we have bestowed on her above. Some of her *pas* in *Manon Lescaut* are positively worth travelling from Dan to Beersheba to witness.

To night *I due Foscari* will be produced with great magnificence and unparalleled splendour. Grisi, Ronconi, and Mario perform the principal characters. Report informs us that Ronconi's old *Doge* is one of the greatest performances ever seen on the stage. We can readily believe any eulogistic allegation of the Signor, after seeing him in *Maria di Rohan*.  
D. R.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *I Puritani* and *Esmeralda* were the performances. The cast of opera and ballet was as usual. Being an off-Lind night the house was not overcrowded.

On Tuesday Madlle. Jenny Lind essayed the character of *Norma*, for the first time in this country. Her Majesty commanded the performances and attended in state, with Prince Albert and a brilliant suite. For an account of how the Royal party were attired; and how the beef-eaters were at their usual post upon the stage; and how the National Anthem was sung by the company, the audience standing erect the while; and how there never before was such an imposing spectacle (although it has pre-occurred many a time and oft); and how, &c. &c. &c., we refer our readers to the *Morning Post*, our speciality inclining us not in that direction. Suffice it the house was crammed—boxes, gallery, and slips were alive with human beings, and the audience was on the tip-toe of expectation.

Lablache's *entrée* as Oroveso was hailed with unanimous plaudits; but the introductory chorus of druids, and the solo of the portly basso, "Si parlera terribile," passed without notice, every mouth, eye, ear, and palm being wide open exclusively for the *Norma* of the evening. Among the impatient audience we observed, in the stalls, Signor Mario, who appeared as interested in the proceedings as any one else in the house. The long dialogue for Flavio and Pollio (Signor Fraschini) and the longer air of the latter, "Meco all' altar di Venere," went by equally unheeded; and indeed Fraschini, who was in his iron cage of apathy all the evening, seemed so little to care for his part, and to take so little pains with it, that we were not surprised at the indifferent sensation he produced.

At length, amidst the most breathless silence from the whole audience, appeared *Norma*, attended by her priestesses. The first glance at Madlle. Lind was enough to convince everybody present that her reading of the part would be not merely different in some particulars, but altogether opposed to the *Norma* created by Pasta, and developed to perfection by Grisi. To begin, the costume which Madlle. Lind assumed



was at variance with the stage directions. There was nothing druidical in it, but something that bordered on the studied *neglige* of a modern fine lady. Whether this infraction of dramatic propriety be defensible admits of question. However our business is with Madlle. Lind's singing and acting, not with her manner of attire.

In the opening recitative, "Sediziosa voce," Madlle. Lind was evidently discomposed. Her voice trembled, her intonation was faulty, and there was a want of dignity in her bearing and of force in her declamation. Moreover the veiled quality and weakness of her middle notes, of which we have already spoken, were exhibited to disadvantage. The long note (B flat) at the end of the recitative, preceding the air, "Casta Diva," in E flat, failed of its usual effect. The "Casta Diva" itself presented some exquisite points of vocalisation, but on the whole it disappointed us. The embellishments introduced in the first delivery of the theme, though sparing, were superfluous. The florid passages accompanying the Choral refrain of the druids, "A noi volgi," &c. were unsteady, and the shakes were equivocally intoned. In the resumption of the theme the alterations, though slight again, were again superfluous. In the *Cabaletta*, "Ah bello a me ritorna," the *mezza voce* delivery of some phrases was delicious, but the whole was deficient in brilliancy. Here let us say in defence of the charming artist, who in her own sphere is incomparable, and who should not be persuaded by any consideration to move in a different one, that the circumstances of the moment were enough to paralyse powers, if possible, greater than her own. The extent of public anticipation, the immense crowd, the presence of Her Majesty in state, and the presence of Mario in the stalls, were enough in all conscience to overwhelm her. We are quite convinced that her "Casta Diva" ought to be a charming, nay, a faultless performance; and on any other occasion we are sure it would be, and on the next occasion (to-night, peradventure) will be. Our admiration for Madlle. Lind's vocal and dramatic talent, when exercised in the line to which its nature tends, is so great that it is with absolute pain we feel ourselves compelled to withhold from any performance of hers one fraction of the enthusiasm we have hitherto, since her London engagement, felt so much delight in expressing. But where are we to look for perfection among things humane and finite?

As true chroniclers we must record that the "Casta Diva" was received at the conclusion with loud and prolonged cheering, and Madlle. Lind was recalled upon the stage to be again and again applauded. We trust, however, she is too true an artist, and too wise a lady to be misdirected by such hollow exhibitions of mob-sentiment, which have no deeper meaning than the noise and fury that characterise their utterance.

In the duet with Adalgisa, "Oh remembranza," Madlle. Lind displayed many and great beauties. The whole of the first movement was charmingly acted. The interest of Norma in Adalgisa's confession was evident, and the affectionate eagerness with which she listened to her narration was quite moving. In the *Cabaletta*, "Ah si fa core," there was a world of tenderness and passion—but the cadence, in itself very ungraceful and inappropriate, was further spoiled by the inefficiency of Madame Barroni, the Adalgisa, whose thin voice and bad intonation consorted ill with the thrilling and lovely tones of the Swedish Nightingale.

The bravura passage, "Oh non tremare, O perfido!" one of the grandest points in Norma, in the hands of Madlle. Lind was little more than a display of correct and clever

vocalisation. The withering reproach, the insulted dignity, the sublime contempt of the high-souled priestess for the vulgar sensualist were all absent; and for this cause the passage, which seldom fails to create a storm of enthusiasm, passed without the slightest demonstration of feeling. Again the theme of the trio, "O di qual sei tu vittima," another unflinching point with the great Normas, though vocalized irreproachably by Madlle. Lind, for want of the soul-stirring enthusiasm which Grisi knows so well how to infuse into it, was altogether unheeded by the crowded audience, who appeared either to forget or to be altogether unaware that it was one of the capital points of the opera. The "Ebben lo compì," in which the contempt and scorn exhibited by Grisi are nothing short of sublime, was comparatively tame with Madlle. Lind, while the "Vanne sì, mi lascia in degno," which should be a torrent of indignation, was in her hands a "caput mortuum." The great point of Grisi, at the entrance of Pollio, when Adalgisa singles him out as the possessor of her heart—"Il mira"—with the pause that precedes the exclamation of astonishment—"Ei! Pollio!"—was missing altogether. Madlle. Lind seemed either to be unaware of, or to disregard the possibility of the effect deducible from the situation. During the whole of this exciting trio, in which Grisi, true to the character of Norma, is in a constant state of movement and irritation, Madlle. Lind, adopted a wholly different reading, which was not altogether without its effect, though we cannot but consider it inappropriate. She stood as it were, transfixed in astonishment, as though her feet were nailed to the place, and she had lost the power of locomotion; and it was not till the very end of the trio, when the sacred bells summon her to the temple, that she rushed between Pollio and Adalgisa and attempted to separate them. Ere quitting this trio, let us quote the words of Norma's reproach to Pollio, which according to the stage directions should be delivered in a tone of great anger and passion—"prorompendo." Thereby we trust that we shall justify our own position, and Grisi's reading, in opposition to the special-pleading of Madlle. Lind's wholesale supporters. The words are as follows:—

"Vanne sì, mi lascia, indegno,  
Figli obblia, promesse, more  
Maledetto d'al mio sdegno,  
Non godrai d'un empio amore.  
Te sui l'onde, te sui venti,  
Seguiran mie furie ardenti,  
Mia vendetta e notte e giorno  
Ruggira d'intorno a te."

There is not much here of the womanly softness, adduced by some of our cotemporaries in defence of Madlle. Lind's reading of the part, and which it is our purpose to discuss in a separate article.

Nevertheless, as true chroniclers, we are bound to say, that when the curtain fell upon the first act, Madlle. Lind was recalled with acclamations. How the charming songstress translated this demonstration of zeal in her heart of hearts is a question about which we entertain no kind of doubt.

In the second act Madlle. Lind seemed more in her element. Here the sublime anger of the Druid Priestess has melted down into a subdued grief, which, though occasionally it may break out into passionate expression, is more in accordance with the truly feminine talent of the artist. The first scene, where the impulse to destroy her children is smothered by a burst of maternal tenderness, which disarms her resolution of its power, was acted with great truth and pathos. The "Deh con te" presented many points worthy of the highest eulogy, although much of the duet was marred by the singular in-

efficiency of the Adalgisa, whose appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, in such an important part and on such an important occasion, has been naturally a subject of admiration and surprise. The *andante* was vocalised exquisitely by Mdle. Lind; the *cantabile* phrase "Ah perchè la mia costanza," gracefully enunciated; and the *cabaletta*, "Si fino all'ore," delicate and finished in the *mezza voce* passages. The *cadenza* was deficient in elegance, and its execution on the part of the Adalgisa did not increase its charm. Mdle. Lind was recalled after the duet, but it was not repeated.

In the next scene, the temple of Irminsul, there were many points to be highly commended amidst others that were partially failures. The energetic passage on the words, "Troppo il fellon presume," conveying a menace against the audacity of Pollione, was delivered with greater emphasis than any previous phrase of the same kind during the evening. The "Si feriamo," where Norma is going to strike Pollione, but is disarmed by the remembrance of the past, was overlooked entirely. In the great duet with Pollio, "In mia mano," there were several fine points, particularly that where Norma describes her attempt to kill the children, "Vedi, vedi, a che son giunta," which was pathetic and affecting; but the ironical disdain with which Grisi delivers the words, "E la vitati was wholly absent. In most of her delineations Mdle. Lind is remarkable for the *finesse* with which she conceives and develops all the subtler points of expression offered by the variety of sentiment which belongs to every particular scene, but in her Norma, this fine quality of appreciation seems almost altogether wanting. The *bravura* passage, "I Romani a cento a cento," where Norma in the plenitude of her vengeance threatens the whole Roman people with extermination, Mdle. Lind supplied in finished vocalisation what she lacked in force and grandeur. Her "Pregbi alfine," was beautifully expressed, and executed with wonderful finish, but the weakness of her middle notes occasionally paralysed her efforts. In the recitative, "Ohi ministri," where she calls together the druids and druidesses, and in the "Son Io," where she confesses herself to be the guilty offender, there were strong evidences of such exhaustion as proved the part of Norma to be beyond her physical capabilities. In the plaintive and affecting duet with Pollio, "Qual cor tradisti," however, Mdle. Lind revived, and her resources appeared to receive new vigour from the increasing passion of the scene. Nothing could be more graceful and tender, and Fraschini, here singing much better than during the rest of the evening, helped materially the effect of the *ensemble*. The exclamation, "Cielo e mei figlii," was the finest point which Mdle. Lind achieved throughout the entire opera; the sudden remembrance of her helpless offspring seemed to strike her with dismay, and her whole frame writhed with emotion. The "Deh non velerli," when she appeals to Orovoso to protect her children after she is gone, was declaimed with the most intense passion, but the way in which she disregarded the melodic rhythm, by lengthening and abbreviating the notes *ad libitum*, destroyed the character of the accompaniment, and so robbed this lovely phrase of more than half its charm. It is this superfluous indulgence in the *tempo rubato* which appears to us the worst defect in Mdle. Lind's singing. Without rhythm there is no melody, and without melody there is no music, is a maxim that cannot be too frequently offered to the consideration of vocalists, and it is long since a more appropriate occasion has suggested to us the necessity of urging it.

Nothing more remains to be said than that Balfe conducted his orchestra and chorus with the utmost animation and pre-

cision, and that innumerable points of good generalship and sound musical knowledge manifested themselves throughout the performance of the opera. To conclude, Mdle. Lind was recalled three times before the curtain, and her task was the pleasant one of picking up with her own fair hands an unusual quantity of bouquets that were showered upon her with a velocity that was spontaneous, and an enthusiasm that was unanimous. We must defer, until next week, the general remarks we have to offer on the Norma of Mdle. Lind, and the comparison that suggests itself inevitably between her conception of the part and that of Grisi.

A few lines must suffice to chronicle the entertainments of Thursday evening. These consisted of the second and third acts of Verdi's *Ernani*, with Castellan, Superchi, Bouché, and Fraschini; the grand *pas de deux* from *Esmeralda*, danced inimitably by the charming Carlotta Grisi and the admirable Perrot; a miscellaneous concert, in which Staudigl, Castellan, Gardoni, Coletti, Solari, Lablache, Jenny Lind, the orchestra and the chorus, with Balfe as director, took part; a *divertissement* from *Thea*, with Rosati and the principal *coryphées*; a scene from Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, for Lablache and F. Lablache; Perrot's *ballet of Alma* (the first *tableau* omitted), with Costa's delicious music, and Cerito, Petit-Stephan, St. Léon, and Perrot as the principal expositors. The house was crowded in every corner. The chief attraction was the concert, and the chief attractions of the concert were a couple of Swedish melodies, vocalized by Mdle. Lind with exquisite simplicity of style and extraordinary neatness of execution, and admirably accompanied on the pianoforte by M. Kuhe. These were both rapturously encored, but as there was no printed translation of the words at hand, it is out of our power to give any account of the songs, further than that they were very like national airs in general—pretty and wild and not remarkably coherent. They served however to display Mdle. Lind's talent under a new phase and fairly took the audience by storm. The "Lezione di Canto," for Mdle. Lind and Signor Lablache, proved scarcely less effective and was encored with acclamations, the quiet humour of the Swedish maiden contrasting well with the bluff *grotesquerie* of the great Italian *buffo*. The rest of the concert included Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer's Night Dream*, capitally directed by Balfe, and played with great spirit, though not with equal finish; the air, "Qui Sdegno," from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, finely sung by Staudigl; a selection from Haydn's *Creation*, in which Staudigl, Gardoni, Castellan, and Jenny Lind assisted; an aria by Donizetti excellently vocalized by Coletti; a short chorus from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*; the quartet in G from *Fidelio*, by Castellan, Solari, Gardoni, and Staudigl; and the prayer from Rossini's *Maise* by the principal artists and the chorus. In the scene from *Il Matrimonio*, Lablache and F. Lablache were divertingly humorous in the celebrated dancing duet, the last movement of which was encored. In the *Alma*, Cerito and Perrot were as inimitable as of yore. The performances gave infinite amusement to the house, although it must be owned that they were rather *Hors de règle* at the Italian Opera.

To-night *Norma* will be repeated, with a scene from *Esmeralda*, and a selection from *Alma*. D.

#### TIT BITS FROM THE BRISTOL JOURNAL.

"A new comedy, entitled *Temper*, by a Mr. Bull, quite in the style of the old comedian, has been brought out with great success at the Haymarket."

"Mademoiselle Jenny Lind thinks of making some stay in England, for she has taken a house for two years. It is a cottage,



at Old Brompton, next to that called 'The Rosary,' inhabited by Mrs. S. C. Hall."

"The opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* has been brought out with tolerable success at Covent Garden Theatre. Alboni takes the part of Lucrezia."

"It is said that at the *debut* of Jenny Lind Her Majesty herself threw a bouquet on the stage, which gracious sign of Royal approval was recognised by a profound curtsey from the fair songstress."

"The question regarding the tenancy of the Lyceum has been determined. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews are to have the house at the rent the proprietor claimed from Mr. and Mrs. Keeley."

[We scarcely know whether to admire the veracity of the information in the *esprit* with which it is "put."]

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**JENNY LIND'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER.**—The announcement we made in the *Courier* of Saturday of the engagement of the "Swedish Nightingale," by Mr. Knowles, the proprietor of the Theatre Royal, is to-day confirmed. Manchester will, we believe, be the only place out of the metropolis where Mademoiselle Jenny Lind will appear in opera; she will, however, at the time of her visit to Manchester, sing at concerts both in Liverpool and Birmingham. She will appear in Manchester for two nights, and we have heard that the engagement made at present with the principal artists of Her Majesty's Theatre, include Signor Lablache, Signor Gardoni, Madame Castellan, and others. The time of their appearance will be governed by the period at which the season of Her Majesty's Theatre may close, which will, it is expected, be about the latter end of August. We understand that the sum of £1000 was offered to Mdle. Lind to sing at two concerts in Dublin, which she declined; not, however, we believe, because the sum offered was considered too small.—*Manchester Courier*.

**MARIETTA BRAMBILLA**, the celebrated *contralto*, is engaged for the *Italiens* at Paris. The manager of that theatre, we understand, failed in negotiating with Mademoiselle Alboni, that lady rating her services at far higher terms than he was inclined to give. We suspect the management would have no cause to complain if it engaged Alboni at any terms short of exorbitant.

**MDLE. SOPHIE PUOCO** and **MDLE. PLUNKETT** are daily expected from Paris to fulfil their engagements at the Royal Italian Opera.

**MDLE. DUMILATRE.**—This charming artist has returned to Paris to renew her duties at the *Academie* in Paris, as *premiere danseuse*.

**ACADEMIE ROYALE DE PARIS.**—The question of the direction of this great establishment has at length been virtually decided. M. Pillet resigns and is to be succeeded by M. M. Dupenchel and Roqueplan.

**M. FIORENTINO**, the popular and witty *feuilletoniste* of the Parisian journal, *Le Constitutionnel*, returned to Paris on Saturday, *via* Boulogne. M. Fiorentino's amiable manners and intelligent mind made him highly attractive in all the circles literary, musical, and artistic, in which he moved while in London, and the shortness of his stay amongst us is the subject of general regret.

**MADAME WEISS**, the protectress-mother of the little *Viennese Dancers* has been severely handled by the mob at Boston, in the United States. A report had gained ground that the children were ill-treated, and the populace taking the matter in hand attacked the house of Madame Weiss, and it required the entire force of the police to restrain their fury, and persuading them of their error to induce them to separate peaceably.

**MR. H. TIVENDALL.**—The following is a review of six songs, by our countryman, Mr. H. Tivendall the violinist, who with his brother, Mr. F. Tivendall, the pianist, has lately returned from Germany and settles amongst us as professors in Liverpool; it is extracted from a Berlin paper:—"We have before us the first published work of an Englishman who, we understand, has enjoyed the advantage of having been a pupil both of Mendelssohn and Spohr. These compositions do not bear any very marked character, nor do they betray, as one might with some reason have presumed, a predilection for Mendelssohn, but are rather on the contrary, more in the style of Spohr, which is so easily assumed by our young artists. The peculiarities of his (great) master are, however, cleverly adopted, producing a very favourable impression,

a given evidence of a talent of no ordinary cast. The whole of these songs are rightly conceived and admirably adapted to the voice. The accompaniments are of easy execution without being common place. Song, No. 3, "Love and Sorrow," (poetry by L. Giesebrecht), did not give the same satisfaction as the others, though, we must confess, the fault lies more in the poetry than in the music. Had the composer a more extensive knowledge of the German language, he would, most undoubtedly, have made choice of poetry of a higher description. Yet on the whole we cannot but congratulate the young artist on this his first effort."

#### REVIEWS OF NEW MUSIC.

"Consent one Lock to give me, Love." Written and Composed by ALPHONSO MATTHEY. WESSEL and Co.

THERE is much merit in the music of this song: and not a little the words. There are sundry ballad writers of the present day who fancy, because they are musicians and have a good ear, they must necessarily be poets; and so they rush into lyrics. We know not one of these musicians who would not have made better use of the time he expended on hexameters and iambs in bestowing it on the corrections of his harmonies. We would strongly recommend such writer to take example by Mr. Matthey, who devotes his poetical energies to music worthy of their alliance.

"The Remembrance of Home." Ballad. Poetry by J. H. JEWELL, Music by ANTONIO MINASI. WESSEL and Co.

A quiet, unpretending song, smooth and harmonious. Nothing can be more free from pretence than this ballad of Mr. or Signor Minasi's; while, at the same time, no trifle of the kind can be invested with much more grace and feeling.

"Firs Duet," for Pianoforte and Violoncello, or Piano and Violin. By G. HOGARTH and Co. WESSEL and Co.

This *morceau* is capitally adapted to such amateurs as have made some proficiency on their respective instruments, and would make a light and elegant performance for drawing room exhibition. The *First Duet* is in two movements, a *Larghetto*, and an *Allegro Moderato*. The *Larghetto* constitutes rather the introduction to the piece, than a separate movement. The characters of the different instruments are well preserved in the writing, and the tact of a musician is displayed in the treatment and handling of the subject. The composition aims at nothing beyond the neat and the sparkling, which it compasses without an apparent effort.

"Song of the Crusader," or *Crusader's Return*. The Poetry by SIR WALTER SCOTT, the Music by E. STIRLING. C. JEFFERYS.

This is a bold, dashing song, adapted to a *contralto*, or barytone voice. There is nothing particularly fortunate in the tune, it has, nevertheless, its attractions, and will find numerous admirers among such as prefer the catching to the elegant strain. The song contains three stanzas, the accompaniments to which are varied with effect. D. R.

#### PROVINCIAL.

**GLoucester.**—We are authorised to state that the Marquis of Worcester has accepted office as one of the stewards of the ensuing Gloucester Musical Festival. His Lordship's example will shortly be followed, we understand, by several other distinguished county gentlemen, and we trust we shall be enabled soon to announce the list as complete.—*Burrows Worcester Journal*.

**LIVERPOOL.**—The second undress concert for the season, at the Lecture Hall of the Collegiate Institution, was held on Monday, April 26. The programme being composed chiefly of instrumental music, there was a large addition to the general strength of the band. Beethoven's pastoral symphony was well interpreted. The overtures to Mozart's "Il Don Giovanni," Mendelssohn Bartholdy's "La Grotte de Fingal," Adolphe Adams' "Le Brasseur de Preston," and Rossini's "Tancredi," were played with taste and spirit. The vocal performances consisted of Donizetti's rondo, "La Morale," from *Don Pasquale*, by Miss Stott, Mercadante's cavatina, "Ah! s'estente ancor mi vuoi," by Miss Parsons; Mozart's aria "Non piu andrai," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, by Mr. Armstrong; and, Mercadante's duo, "Augusta," from *Andronico*, by Miss Stott and Miss Parsons. The songs of both ladies were encored.—*Liverpool Mail*.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.



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The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public are respectfully informed, that an  
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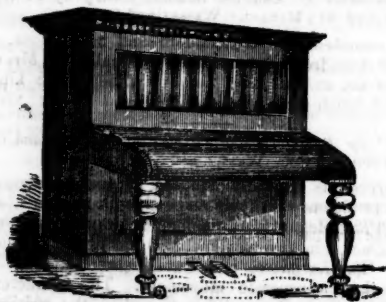
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thou wert my ain Thing"—"Get up and bar the Door"—"Ower the Water to  
Charlie"—"Flora M'Donald's Lament"—"Wha's adna fecht for Charlie?"—  
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